

JOB WORK
AT
SENTINEL OFFICE

Southwest



Sentinel.

SAM B. GILLET
Collections & Specialty,
with
SILVER CITY, N. M.

VOLUME XVIII.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO, TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1892.

NO 33.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

BELL & WRIGHT,
Attorneys.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

BELL & ANCHETA,
Attorneys and Counselors

at Law.

Office in Enterprise Building.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

Will practice in all the courts of the territory.

RICHMOND P. BARNES,
Attorney at Law,

Office on Broadway and Main street.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

H. L. PICKETT,
Attorney at Law,

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

JAMES S. FIELDER,
Attorney at Law,

Office over Silver City National Bank,

Rooms 2 and 3.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

T. F. CONWAY,
Attorney at Law,

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

A. H. HARRIS,
Attorney at Law,

Office—Rooms 3 and 4, over Rosenberg's

Store, Sheridan Block. Entrance

on Broadway.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

JOHN M. WRIGHT,
Attorney at Law,

Office in Meredith & Altman's Block.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

GIDEON D. BANTZ,
Attorney at Law,

Opposite White House Saloon.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

Idus I. Fielder,
Attorneys at Law,

Upstairs in Exchange building.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS.

D. C. REVER,
Physician, Surgeon and Obster-

trician.

Office and residence at Southern Hotel.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

J. W. WILLIAMS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,

SILVER CITY, N. M.

E. L. STEPHENS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,

Office over Rosenberg's Store, Entrance

on Broadway.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

G. N. WOODS, M. D.,
Office over Gilbert's store.

Call at any time or night.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

DENTISTS.

G. A. HUGHES, D. D. S.,

Room 1, Sheridan Building. Entrance from

Broadway.

SILVER CITY, N. M.

SOCIETIES.

I. O. O. F. Lodge No. 1, meets at

Odd Fellows Hall, over post-office, Saturday

evening. Members of the order cordially

invited. **WILLIAM OWENS, N. G.**

D. F. CARR, Sec.

I. O. O. F. San Vicente Lodge, No. 4, meets every

Monday night at Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting

brothers invited. **WILLIAM OWENS, N. G.**

M. H. MAHER, Sec.

I. A. M. Silver City Chapter, No. 2, at Masonic

Hall. Regular convocations on 2d Wednesday

evening of each month. All companions invited

to attend. **M. V. COX, H. P.**

H. W. LUCAS, Sec.

A. F. & A. M. Silver City Lodge, No. 8, meets at Masonic

Hall, opposite Timmer House, the Thursday

evening on or before the full moon each month.

All visiting brothers invited to attend. **A. H. HARRIS, W. M.**

HARRY W. LUCAS, Sec.

K. O. P. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesday nights in each

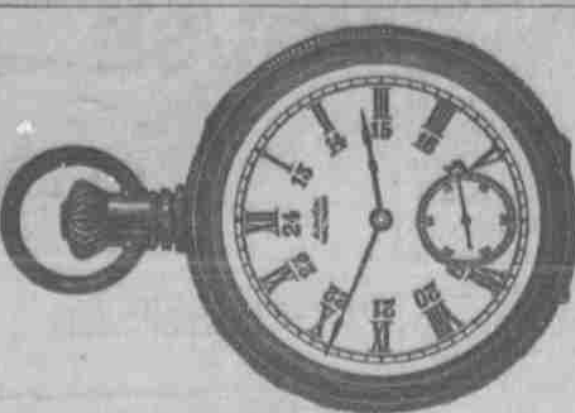
month at Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting knights

invited. **A. D. ROSS, C. C.**

THOMAS FLEMING, K. H. & S.

A. O. U. W. Meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesday nights in

each month at the Episcopal Mission room. Ser-



J. A. KEMMIS,

Watchmaker

—And—

Jeweler.

Dealer in

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

Careful attention given to Re-

pairing of all kinds.

Work and Goods as

Represented.

Silver City, New Mexico

Wm. F. Farnsworth.

Ballard Street, Opposite First National Bank,

S. A. Alexander.

Elephant Corral,

ALEXANDER & FARNSWORTH, Props.

Livery, Feed and Sale Stables.

Single and double buggies, buckboards, spring wagons, and carts, ladras

and men's riding horses, turned out in good form on the shortest notice.

Horses boarded. Special rates given by the week or month.

HORSES BOUGHT, SOLD AND TRADED.

Main Street, Silver City, New Mexico.

JOHN BROCKMAN, President, THOS. F. CONWAY, Vice-President, J. W. CARTER, Cashier.

SILVER CITY NATIONAL BANK,

of SILVER CITY, N. M.

CAPITAL PAID IN, \$50,000.00.

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

DIRECTORS:

JOHN BROCKMAN, MAX SCHUTZ, T. F. CONWAY, HARRY BOOTH,

J. W. CARTER.

Gold dust purchased and advances made on shipments of cattle, gold and

silver bullion, ore, etc. Superior facilities for making collections on accessible

points at par for customers. Exchange on the principal cities for sale.

H. S. GILLET & SON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES;

[G. G. KIDD & CO'S OLD STAND]

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO

MAISER BROS'

BARBER SHOP

—AND—

BATH ROOMS.

The Best Place in the City to Get

a nice easy shave or a good bath

Broadway, Below Bullard St.

JOSEPH MERK,

Horticulturist and Landscaper

Best References Furnished.

SILVER CITY AND DEMING, N. M.

PARLOR SALOON,

Corner Broadway and Main

Street.

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

CARSON & PRITZER, Props.

WM. STEVENS,

FINOS ALTOS

Feed & Livery Stables,

Finos Altos, New Mexico.

JONES'

MEAT MARKET

—The Finest—

FRESH AND SALT MEATS

Always on Hand.

SAUSAGE A SPECIALTY.

Silver City & Mogollon

STAGE : LINE

Makes two round trips a week, arriving in

SILVER CITY EVERY MON-

DAY AND THURSDAY

AT 9 P. M.

LEAVING SILVER CITY EV-

ERY TUESDAY AND FRI-

DAY AT 1 P. M.

J. D. LEE, Proprietor.

GEO. R. BROWN,

U. S. Deputy

Mineral and Land

SURVEYOR,

SILVER CITY, N. M.

Office on Main Street.

The Alabama Election.

The Alabama election impartially viewed is simply an indication that the loud noise made by the leaders of the people's party is chiefly bluster without votes to back it. In so far as it is a straw, it showed that the wind has not changed, at least in Alabama. It will serve to check the growth of the new party, for in politics "nothing succeeds like success," and it will relieve the minds of both democrats and republicans of a vague apprehension of peril from the presence of third party candidates in the field.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A novel feature of the Alabama election was the fact that the negroes turned out and worked for the democratic ticket. The result is encouraging because it indicates that the better element among the negroes has reached that point where it recognizes the folly of trying to arouse and inflame the prejudices existing between the races. The election also gives encouragement to those who hope for the time when the negro vote will be divided.—New Haven Register.

Henceforth the battle will be a battle waged in the debatable states of the North. The republican campaigners will throw no more money away in dalliance with the farmers' alliance. The soup that was in the dish has been spilt. They will concentrate their efforts and their cash in an attempt to repeat their achievement of 1888, when they really purchased the presidency with the "fat" fried out of protected manufacturers.—Philadelphia Record.

With the white vote split it was evident that the colored vote would be the determining factor, but Kolb offended the colored men in a speech and they seem to have voted for Jones. It was not a fair test of the farmers' alliance. It has never been claimed that the alliance was particularly strong in Alabama, and the present division was largely a factional one in the democratic party.—Hartford Post.

The colored brother has finally risen up to command peace; to forbid wanton sectional and race disturbance in which he is ever the sufferer; to admonish the blatant demagogues of the North to cease their malicious libels upon all races in the South; and he has spoken with such emphasis that he who runs may read. Such is the lesson of Alabama in 1892.—Philadelphia Times.

The failure of Kolb, the bolting democrat, supported by the third party and many republicans, and the defeat of the whole ticket and coalition of which he was representative, seem to throw a wet blanket over the attempt to break the solid South by a flank movement.—Washington Star.

Alabama is now anchored for Cleveland, and probably there were few who anticipated anything else. Alabama is a democratic state, like all of the other Southern states, and it will continue to be democratic when a candidate for President is to be voted for.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

This complete rout of the entire combination of renegade democrats, farmers' alliance and republicans in Alabama dispels the delusion that there is hope of carrying a single Southern state against Cleveland and Stevenson.—Rochester Union.

The fight in Alabama has been hot, and the result will no doubt be a matter of rejoicing to anxious congressmen; but Jones' plurality in 1890 was 97,470. The alliance has taken more than 50 per cent of his plurality in two years.—Albany Journal.

The republicans have the next inning, with Vermont at the bat. Let's see if the Green Mountain state will do as well for the republican party as Alabama has done for democracy.—Buffalo Times.

If Alabama is to be the criterion, Cleveland will sweep the South as with a new broom. The republican editors (including Mr. White-

law Reid) must once more be forced to abandon their rainbow chasing in the South.—Hartford Times.

The overwhelming defeat of the alliance party in the Alabama election on Monday assures the elimination of that party as an important factor in this great political campaign from every state in the Union.—Trenton Gazette.

Aden at the mouth of the Red Sea, is no longer considered the hottest place on the earth. Scinde, an Indian province, and Bushire, on the Persian Gulf, are said to be places of "fiery heat," and the Russians claim that there are places in Central Asia where the heat is still more terrible. At Bushire under peculiar circumstances, of course, 180 degrees have been recorded. At times the coolest place in Shikarpur shows a heat of 140 degrees. At Sukkur, India, the lowest temperature is 97 degrees, and when the Suk (a hot wind from the desert) blows, "all life withers." But the worst of all desert winds is the Bad-i-simoon, which not only kills everything in its path, but actually burns up tissue and cartilage, so that the limbs can be torn asunder. In our own country, on the borders of California, Arizona and Mexico, 130 and 140 are considered quite common. According to one authority 120 may be regarded as the temperature of the hottest climates in the world—when no wind blows.

Just as the west bound passenger train pulled out of the station Sunday night something about the engine became disconnected and consequently the train was backed up to the station and the damage repaired in comparatively a short time. During the time confusion reigned supreme among the passengers, for they were of the opinion that they were held up by at least as desperate a band of robbers as the Daltons. Eye-witnesses of this little episode say that it was quite amusing to see the various ways adapted in hiding valuables, in which the lady passengers gave the men points and beat them easily. Our informant remarked, while a deep blush turned his complexion a sunset red, that long hose seemed to be the fashion and much in demand, and that the ladies in their zeal in hiding valuables disclosed many little secrets of feminine apparel that made him marvel much. Womankind can beat the world hiding anything but a mouse.—Lordsburg Liberal.

Bishop Phillips Brooks devotes hardly more time to the composition of his sermons than did the late Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Beecher used sometimes to delay that essential proceeding till Sunday morning after breakfast, and on occasions when in the pulpit he would discard the material thus prepared for a new idea that had struck him after the services had begun. Bishop Brooks devotes an hour or two during the week to thinking about the text he has selected for use on the approaching Sunday, and hunts up a few references; but he makes no notes and does not even touch his pen to paper for that purpose. But when he is in the pulpit his discourse pours from his lips without hesitation, and with a rapidity that strains the attention of the congregation to the utmost. His tendency then is to preach beyond the limit of time set for his sermons.

On the Hotel Piazza—"I knew that woman when she lived in an attic." "Yes I can remember that time perfectly. It was when you were living in the basement of the same house." Then there was a silence, and the waves gossiping to the beach had it all to themselves.—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

Old Martel—Whiskey has very different effects in different parts of the city. Rowne de Bout—You don't say so? Old Martel—On the Bowery, it causes drunkenness, on Wall street, alcoholism, and on Fifth Avenue, heart failure.—Puck.

Half Boy, Half Alligator.

One of the most curious and revolting spectacles of deformity is to be found at Waycross, Ga., in the form of a human alligator.

The monstrosity is a boy 14 years of age, who not only bears a close resemblance to a saurian, but hisses, bellows and foams at the mouth, just as an alligator does when it is angry. He can neither talk nor walk, and is an idiot, practically, save for the fact that when hungry he can make known his wants. If it is time for eating or drinking he lets those about him know by growling and crawling around the floor on his belly.

The boy's body is almost entirely covered with scales of a delicate texture. His head is long and flat; his eyes are round and beady and blink with a superficial lid or film, like those of a gator. His mouth is long and wide and filled with an unusually large number of teeth.

His legs and arms bear a close resemblance to the corresponding members of an alligator, being flat and turned sideways from immense joints. Altogether he is as near a blending of man and reptile as was ever seen. Water he loves, and he seems to know the presence of it by instinct.

A few days ago the creature was taken before the grand jury and examined by the jurors and several physicians. The jury pronounced him harmless and returned him to the care of his mother.

The secret of the deformity is in the history of the mother some time before the birth of the child. She and her husband then lived in a wild portion of Florida. One day they were crossing a mill-dam together when two enormous bull alligators met in shallow water and began a terrible combat. She was startled, and turned away and shuddered like an aspen. Her husband compelled her to look again. She did and seemed to have her gaze fixed on the monsters, which crushed each other with their wicked jaws, rolled in the contortions of pain, and lashed the water with their tails into bloody foam, until one was killed and the other crawled out on the bank victorious. For days and days afterward the vision of the battle haunted her, even in her dreams, and the dreadful result is the monstrosity she bore.

Weather in July.

The temperature and rainfall were both about normal, but the rainfall was not very evenly distributed, and some localities, of small extent, are suffering from drought.

Frequent showers made irrigation almost unnecessary, but there was a good supply of water for that purpose when needed.

Small grains are mostly harvested and threshing is now going on. The yield is reported to be fully up to the average in most localities. Corn is doing very well except in localities having too great an altitude. The partly cloudy weather, with frequent light showers that prevailed during the month, proved especially beneficial to fruit, and a good yield of excellent quality is reported. Early apples, peaches, pears, apricots, plums and nectarines are now ripe. The grass on the cattle ranges has improved a great deal during the month, but they were in most localities so dry before the rainy season commenced that they need a great deal more rain to ensure a fair growth of feed for next winter.

H. B. HERSEY,
Observer Weather Bureau,
Santa Fe, N. M., Aug. 6.

The grocer and the baker may not be singers, but the former knows his scales and the latter can always strike dough.—Glenn's Falls Republican.

If insectivorous birds are destroyed, vegetation will be overrun by insects. If the snakes are destroyed the smaller mammals will increase indefinitely. A good deal of pains is taken to protect the birds in some of the states, but

none whatever to protect the harmless snakes. These animals are the natural destroyers of rodents, moles, etc., which are so destructive, and they inflict absolutely no injury. Yet one can hardly open a newspaper without reading of some men or boys who have found a den of snakes, and have as a matter of course, destroyed every one of them. This is not only a crime but a blunder, and the grade of a man's intelligence is low who allows himself to commit it.—American Naturalist.

Hair Cut by Lightning.

The central figure of this tale was a telegrapher named Bogardus. "Bogy," as he is called for short, is known in the telegraph profession from Boston to San Francisco and New Orleans to Toronto. He possessed a roving disposition, a love for good old bourbon whiskey, and a mind that was a blank as to the value of money. The following occurred in the days when "Bogy" was in his prime.

He had recently been fired from the New York office, and for bread and butter had drifted out onto a railroad centering in Pittsburgh to sober up and get a new start. He was always careful of his personal appearance, and while he could shave himself, the cutting of his own hair was an impossibility. Pittsburgh, some thirty miles from the little station he was at, was the nearest place where he could have the tonsorial feat performed. To go to the city meant another spree and consequent discharge, and "Bogy" knew this to well. But his hair grew, the weather became hot, and he fretted and fumed. The comments of the railroad men didn't add to his comfort.

Late one afternoon, after a very hot day, a thunder storm of remarkable intensity came up, the lightning played hide and seek among the relays, sounders and switchboard in "Bogy's" little 10x10 office. Every minute the storm increased in intensity, and the electrical display was grandly sublime. As the cracks of the bolts on the switchboard became more frequent and the flashes more luminous, "Bogy" not a bit frightened, concluded to put the cutout plug in the switchboard and thereby save his instruments from burning up in case the lightning became too strong.

On the instant he applied the plug a bolt of lightning struck a telegraph pole about fifty feet from the office, and the surplus electricity came in the switchboard and over the wire, and "Bogy's" head was wrapped in flame. The shock threw him on the floor, and for a moment stunned him. Shaking himself together he got upon his feet, and feeling no pain, he congratulated himself upon his lucky escape. There was a peculiar odor in the room that "Bogy" could not readily account for, but concluded it came from the burned silk and wax that made up the covering of the office wires.

He had just succeeded in putting his office to rights and had returned to it after making a temporary connection where the bolt had struck, when a train drew up for orders.

"Je-e-rusalem!" shouted the conductor, as he saw "Bogy." "Where's your hair?"

"Bogy," in affright, clapped his hands to his head, and, with a startled ejaculation, rushed for the little mirror hanging in a rear corner of the office. "Bogy" hadn't as much hair as a month-old baby, and, strange